

in living colors the agony of the ordeal these men, these women, and these children underwent? They endured hunger and thirst; they suffered from the heat of the broiling sun, the thermometer oft rising to the neighborhood of 140 degrees. Day and night the cannon and the musketry of the Sepoy thundered and roared; while within the intrenchment it was one incessant hail of lead and iron. And what was this fort so bravely defended? A square enclosure, each side being 250 yards in length. Around this had been dug a trench; and the earth thus dug out formed an outside wall five feet in height. Every here and there was an opening for a gun. On the east there was a small redan. Three small batteries were also erected. The defending men stood in the trench; and near each of them were placed half-a-dozen loaded muskets. In the centre of the small square was a well. The two buildings already mentioned stood near this well. No water was allowed for washing; and but little served out for drink. More precious was this water than that drawn from the Bethlehem well; and greater far was the risk incurred in getting it. One brave fellow, a civilian, John McKillop, on the plea that he was no fighter, undertook the task of supplying the women and the children with water. It was a dangerous task; for, no matter who drew, man, woman, or child, the one who went to the well became a target for a hundred Sepoys to practice upon. For about a week the "Captain of the Well," as McKillop was called, escaped scot free. But it came at last, that fatal messenger; grape shot cut a deep wound in his groin, and he died after suffering terrible agonies for an hour or so. Yet were his last words kindly directed towards others; he had promised water to some woman whose children were clamoring for it. Would some one redeem for him his promise? And so he died.

*(To be continued.)*

